Many changes have come o'er us Many friends have gone before us Every year Through many a strange mutation We have reached a higher station

We have had our slight vexamons Every year And pleasing jubilations Every year: There are visions to remember Of flowers in September And Christmas in December

Every year. The sun shines now as brightly And the snowflakes fall as lightly Every year: As in days when we were younger, And the years appeared much longer To our hearts, which then felt stronger,

Afflictions have not shrouded And troubles have not cloude But hope the whole discounted While the former were recount And the latter all surmounted

Our weakness is more trying Every year; And the days more swiftly flying Every year; Our faults bring deep contrition, Our errors admonition, Experience its fruition

The end of life comes nearer Every year;

The friends left become dearer
Every year:
And the "goal of all jhat's mortal"
Opens wider still its portal
To the laud of the immortal And thinner grows the curtain Every year: That divides us from the certain

We look forward to the morrow Which shall close all earthly sorrow With the calmness flope can borrow - Win. Reed, in Taunton (Mass.) Gazette.

RUTH'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER VIII.

As the days went by, Aunt Rachel felt sure that what she hoped for so much would come to pass.

Arthur and Ruth were together a great deal, and it was plain to see that between them there existed a strong friendship from the beginning. It was easy for such friendship to ripen into iove, when circumstances threw them into each other's company almost constantly. So urged Aunt Rachel.

She had watched Ruth closely after the re-

Aunt Rachel.

She had watched Ruth closely after the receipt of Mrs. Nugent's letter. For the first few days there had been traces of a struggle with herself in Ruth's face, which eyes sharpened by a knowledge of the facts could casily detect. But Arthur, ignorant of it all, never suspected what made the girl more grave and thoughtful than she had seemed at first. It might be a phase of her character which he was discovering for the first time.

might be a phase of her character which he was discovering for the first time.

Ruth had fought her battle bravely, and come off conqueror—that is, in a degree. There was a sore spot in her heart yet, and it seemed to her there always must be. But she had developed strength enough to 'rise above her disappointment, and face the truth unfinchingly. She could fight the battle of life single handed. Because she was a woman, she would not sit down idle. Because so many women shrank from doing give work, they might do, and the work they ought to do, she helieved, she would take her fortune bravely in her own hands, and prove to the world that she was not like them. She had a living to carn. She would earn it like a woman!

As the days went by and her month of rest drew near its end, she became conscious that what she had hoped against, had happened. Arthur loved her.

Perhaps it seems strange to some reader that

of assistance."
"I like to feel that I am not dependent on anyone but myself," answered Ruth.

"If the to rect that I am not dependent on anyone but myself," answered Ruth.

"Of course it affords one a certain sort of satisfaction to feel that he is not obliged to depend on anyone but himself; but I think all of us like to be helped by somebody cise," Arthursald. "It may not be because we need the help, but there is a sense of sympathy and comradeship in it which it is natural for everyone to long after. We don't like to go alone."

"No," she said, looking down the hill into the quiet of the valley. "We do not like to go alone. But many of us must." She said this like one talking to herself, and a grave shadow gathered in her eyes. There were times when she looked ahead, and saw the way she must go in leneliness; and the prospect was dreary. She was looking down the path now. It seemed drearier than ever. She shivered when she thought of the times that would come, when she grew weary and longed for a strong arm to lean upon. To put out one's hand, and find nothing! The thought brought a look of pain into her face.

"Ranth" Arthur said, sitting down beside her.

into her face.

"Ruth," Arthur said, sitting down beside her,
"I made up my mind this morning to tell you that I love you. What better time than this? I do love you, and I want you for my wife. May I have you, Ruth? Shall we ellmb the hill to-

gether !"
"Oh, Arthur!" she cried, and her eyes filled with tears, as she looked into the honest face that was turned so hopefully to hers. "I am sorry, very sorry, that you ever asked this,—for it cannot be as you would have it."
The eager, confident light died suddenly out of his face.

his face.
"Do you mean it, Ruth!" he asked, brokenly.
"Yes, or I would not have said it," she ancred.
"I have, in all the world, no dearer end than you. If I ever need help, I shall turn you first of all. But I have not that love to

narries."
a turned his face to the bill-tope across the
ay, and there was a silence of many moments

erhaps I ought to tell you why I mean to be the hill alone," she said. "But—I would r not. Only I thought you had more of a to know than any one else." do not sek you to tell me snything," he "It does not matter why you have deterd to climb alone, if that determination cance changed, and you cannot climb with

en I will not tell you," she said. "But I ell you this, Arthur, for no man living more regard than for you. Will that the disappointment any the less hard to I shall always consider you as my best

CHAPTER IX.

Aunt Rachel and Ruth were together alone in the quiet of the old sitting room, next day. Arthur liad taken his gun and gone away after

Arthur asked me to marry him yesterday.

"Natil" Aunt Rachel said, "is there anything to tell, Ruth?"

Her tone was not one of hopeful expectancy; rather of accepted disappointment. Ruth was a Nugent; with them, no meant no. They were not likely to reconsider their words. They considered well before they spoke them. That had always been characteristic of the family.

"Not much," answered Ruth, coming and standing behind her aunt's chair, and letting her hands pass softly over her thin gray locks. "Arthur asked me to marry him yesterday. That is all."

"All!" Aunt Rachel uttered the word with a little sound of bitterness in it. "All!—was that not much?"

"Not much to tell," answered Ruth. "The magnitude of the act I understand well enough, in all its bearings."

"And you refused him?"

"Yes, I refused him," answered Ruth. "I had to, Aunt Rachel. You would have me be honest with, and true to myself, wouldn't you!"

"Yes," answered Aunt Rachel. "But some-

"Yes," answered Aunt Rachel. "But some-times we are mistaken in what wethink is right. You are sure you make no mistake of that kind, Ruth!"
"Quite sure," answered Ruth. "When ..When a "Quite sure," answered Ruth. "When a woman marries a man she should feel certain of her regard for him. She should know that she gives him love—not friendship. You believe that, don't you, Aunt Rachel!"

"Yes."
"Well, I acted in that belief. I knew, before he asked me, that I had only friendship for him —a strong, warm friendship, but lacking that element which makes of such friendship the love he asked for. Lacking that, did I not do right in telling him that I could not marry him!"

right in telling him that I could not marry him?"

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Aunt Rachel slowly. "Indeed"—with a sudden sense of injustice in the tone of her reply—"I know you did, Ruth, if you are sure—quite sure—of yourself. But I am sorely disappointed. I had hoped it might be, so much, my dear."

"I am sorry for your disappointment, and sorrier for Arthur's," Ruth said, feeling more keenly what she had done because of the kindness in Aunt Rachel's voice and words. If I had only known what you wanted to be before I came, I would have staid away, and this trouble would have been spared us."

"I should have gone on planning and hoping," said Aunt Rachel. "If it must be so, it is well to know it now. You have thought it all over thoroughly, Ruth!" with a vague hope that there might be some way of thinking it out differently yet.

"Yes I have thought it over it all more "and the sure in the large."

differently yet.

"Yes, I have thought it over in all ways," answered Ruth, "and always it came to the same end. I had not the love to give that I should give a husband."

swered Ruth, "and always it came to the same end. I had not the love to give that I should give a husband."

"You have thought of the dreariness of a long life lived out alone, Ruth!" queried Annt Rachel—"as mine has been. Have you thought of that!"

"Yes, of that, too," answered Ruth, with her eyes on the road leading up the hill they had climbed yesterday.

She saw a woman climbing the steep alone. Up the rocks and among the tangled thickets led the path, and the lonely climber often paused in the way. Footsore, faint, she turned to the right and to the left, as if by the prompting of an instinct that suddenly asserted itself, in search of companionship and comfort. None were there. She must climb on alone. No matter how weary she grew, there was no arm to lean on; no matter how lonely, there was no comtrade near; no matter how starved her heart, there was no food of love to satisfy its longing—yea, its needs!

signing—yea, its needs!
She turned away from the vision of the hill-de-path with a sigh. It was hard to climb lone, but it must be. If Robert could have limbed with her! climbed with her!

Robert!—always Robert! She almost hated herself for being unable to think of him without the old tenderness rising and asserting itself before she could prevent it. But she could not help it yet. In time she might outgrow the weakness. She hoped so. It gave her a feeling of disgust with herself to think how weak she was in that respect.

was in that respect.
"Well, if what I have hoped for cannot be-"Well, if what I have hoped for cannot be-why, it cannot, and there is no more to be said about it." Aunt Rachel said with a sigh. "Poor Arthur! I know he loved you, Ruth. He has told me that he never cared for any woman." "Yes, I know he loved me," answered Ruth. Notwithstanding it gave her keen pain to think how much her refusal must hurt him, the thought that some one loved her as every woman is glad to be loved brought a warm glow to her heart.

She would earn it like a woman!

As the days went by and her month of rest drew near its end, she became conscious that what she had hoped against, had happened.

Arthur loved her.

Perhaps it seems straffge to some reader that this young woman, who had been deceived in the room.

Perhaps it seems straffige to some reader that this young woman, who had been deceived in the man she loved, should hope against being loved by a man she firmly believed to be the soul of truth and honor. It was not at all strange that Ruth should do this. It was the most natural thing in the world for her to do. She had not that kind of heart which can love one man to-day, and another man to-morrow. She had respect and friendship for Arthur, but ashe had no love to give him. That had been given to Robert Haviland.

The knowledge that Arthur loved her brought a keen pain with it. To know that she must say no to his offer, if it came, and she knew it would, troubled her. Because her own heart had been hurt so craelly, she was tenderly considerate of the hearts of others.

Once, and once only, she asked herself if it was necessary that she should say no to Arthur's blee. She could give him complete trust, and as much respect as she could have given Robert if he had become her husband. And aunt Rachel wished it. But her heart, sternly true to its sense of honor, said No! She had no love to give. No woman had any right to marry a man she did not love. If she did so, she wronged the man she married, and was guilty before God.

They were climbing one of the great hills that clasped hand with other hills, and made a circle to gird Winsted in from the outside world, when Arthur told her that he loved her, and asked her to be his wife.

They had come to a fallen tree half-way up the slope.

"Let us rest." Ruth said. "It's hard work to climb."

"It's had expect to see you and hear from you often, "she said, "It' id not, I shall feel that you have no quilte forgiven me for what I could not help doing."

"She and friendship for her to do. She is doing as I did—can I blanc her? I will be doing as I did—can I blanch her? I would accept no other. I had no love to give. She will accept no other. I had no love to give had he had no love to give had been but to she will be busy with something, and be well be busy with something,

"No," she answered. "Forget about me as you think of me now, Arthur, and let us be brother and sister to each other."

"I will be a brother to you, "he answered, "but I cannot forget."

"I shall expect to see you and hear from you often," she said. "If I do not, I shall feel that you have not quite forgiven me for what I could not help doing."

"There is nothing to forgive," he answered, earnestly. "I do not blame you Ruth. L respect you for it, for it proves to me that there is one woman in the world too noble, too true to herself to be untrue. I would have been satisfied with what you have to give, but I know I need not ask for it. You have decided, and that ends the matter."

"You will some day find some woman who

"You will some day find some woman who will take the place you offered me, I hope," she said, as they turned to go up the path to the plazza, where Aunt Rachel was waiting to say good-bye. "You cannot think how glad I would be to hear such news, Arthur."

"It may be," he answered, "but—I doubt it."
"Well,good-bye," and Ruth held out her hand
in parting. He took it in an earnest, lingering

grasp.
"God bless you," he said, brokenly, and then he let go his clasp, and turned andwalked down the garden path, and she did not see him after that.

that.

"You will come again next summer, if—if I am here?" Aunt Bachel asked, detaining her, after Jonas had driven the carry-all to the gate, and announced that he was ready if Ruth was.

"Yes, I will come," answered Ruth. "You don't think of going away, do you?"

"Perhaps I may," answered Aunt Bachel with a strange, gravely thoughtful look in her eyes. "If I do, I shall never come back," she added, and it seemed as if she was talking to herself.

Ruth wondered what she meant. It was impossible to think of Aunt Bachel's going away

Ruth wondered what she meant. It was impossible to think of Aunt Rachel's going away from the old homestead. Others might go and come, but she was not like them.

"We'll have to be apry, of we ketch the train," warned Jonas. "Ol' White-face, he ain't a two-forty horse, ye know."

"Good-bye, Aunt Rachel," cried Ruth. "Don't think hard of me because I couldn't do as you wanted me to," and ber arms were about the other's neck, her lears falling fast on the thin, wrinkled face she was never to see again in life.

"I don't' was Aunt Rachel's refly, as she kissed Ruth's face over and over again. "I know there's seeme trouble you haven't told me about, dear,—but I pray it may all come right. Good-bye, Ruth, and may God make your life happy, and not such a lonely one as mine has been."

Aunt Rachel's parting words lingered in Ruth's ears like a benediction as the Winsted hills hid the old homestead from sight, and she went back to begin the battle of life alone.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Fossil Relic.—Mr. Samuel Sinclair, a Lake Winnipeg trader, stated that one day lately he diverged from the trail to visit Dien Lake, a small sheet of water north of Lake Winnipeg. When coasting along the shore he came to a ledge of rock which jutted out into the water, a strange looking projection. The end of the ledge attracted his attention, and he ventured out to see what it was. To his surprise, he found it to be the skeleton of a large animal, somewhat resembling a buffalo, petriffied. The form of the animal is almost as perfect, Mr. Sinclair says, as if it were alive. Mr. Sinclair has marked the spot, and intends to return next spring and remove the relic for the purpose of presenting it to the government for the geological institution.—Toronto Globe. A FOSSIL RELIC.-Mr. Samuel Sin-

and that the habit of hard work is easiest acquired in youth.

A lazy boy will most likely make a lazy man. An idle girl will in all probability grow up to be a burden to somebody, when she might be a help. School days are worth little to young people if they do not teach them that hard effort is necessary in order to attain knowl-The billy goats in the suburbs of New York have been eating up the newspa-pers left by carriers, and the detectives who were laying for an organized gang of boys feel rather figt.

THE DANGEROUS HULKS.

ed by the Satlors on From the New York Times. Abandoned vessels or other floating obstacles are the cause of many disas-ters at sea. These obstacles are especially dangerous because they give no warnings of their presence until too late to avoid a collision. Besides the abandoned wrecks, which are apt to become water-logged and sink just below the surface, there are other floating obstacles which are liable to prove dangerous to the vessels which run into them. Ships have been crippled and gerous to the vessels which run into them. Ships have been crippled and even sunk, owing to their having come into forcible contract with portions of wreckage, logs, pieces of timber, whales or other sea monsters, icebergs, and drifting ice fields. Doubtless some of the vessels which left port in an apparently sea worthy condition, but were never afterward heard from, went down with all on heard, after coming into colwith all on board, after coming into eol lision with water-logged wreeks which had not been observed by the men on look-out. Such obstacles are not as apt look-out. Such obstacles are not as apt to sink a large iron steamship, but with small craft it proves very different. "The water-logged wreck is the most dangerous of these floating obstacles," said an old sea captain. "Many a vessel has been lost owing to those abandoned hulks. And the worst of it seems to be that-it is almost impossible to get rid of them. They are mostly the wrecks of timber laden vessels. Almost any other eargo would sink a ship when she became full of water. The longer such a wreck drifts about the more dangerous it becomes for it gradually sinks such a wreek drifts about the more dangerous it becomes for it gradually sinks below the surface, but remains just high enough to knock a hole in the bottom of the first ship that comes along. A great many sailors are altogether too apt to give up a ship before there is any real reason for such a course. And then they leave a dangerous obstacle floating about which may sink half a dozen other vessels before it goes to the bottom itself. I remember the case of a three-masted lumber-laden schooner named Louisa Birdsall, which was abandoned about five years ago. Her bandoned about five years ago. rew were taken off the wreck by a pas sing vessel, and were landed at some port, along the cast. The abandoned vessel drifted about off Hatteras, where I once passed close to her and where she was sighted by a number of vessels. You couldn't pick up a paper printed in any large American, British or continenwas sighted by a number of vessels. You couldn't pick up a paper printed in any large American, British or continental port without reading that some ship which had just arrived had passed the wreck of the Louisa Birdsall. Quite a number of craft ran foul of her and were more or less crippled in consequence. For over a year that water-logged hulk diffed about in the track of shipping. number of craft ran foul of her and were more or less crippled in consequence. For over a year that water-logged hulk drifted about in the track of shipping. Scarcely a dark night passed without some vessel running into her. It got so that whenever a ship would be towed into one of the ports along the coast with her bows well stove in the captains in that harbor would say, 'Well, that Louisa Birdsall has been prowling about

as it is burning there is little danger that it will be run into. No one can

say positively how the ill-fated City of

lost some years ago. But the disaster was probably caused by some floating

obstacle. It may have been that she ran into an iceberg or that she ran over some hulk which was floating just

Success Demands Work.

What rosy visions we have of the

world in our young days! Fame and fortune awaits us beyond a doubt. We

get glimpses of the magnitude and splen-for of commerce, of the wonders of our

great manufactories, and of the excite-

he price of success. How many when hey have launched out into what they

lreamed and hoped would be a sea o

But ask these merchants, ask the

uccessful men in any trade or profes

ion. They will tell you of long days

work of the world:

"Keep by the wheel, steer steadily,
Keep watch above, below:
Such hearts will make the ports they seek,
No matter what winds blow."

Well, what of it, you may ask. Nothing, if it is not your aim to gain a high and honorable place in whatever department of effort you intend to enter.

Nothing, if you care only io drift, and mean to be content with the company of the good-for-nothings of the world. But if you desire to do your best, it is well to appreciate, while young, that one's best is only done by hard work, and that the habit of hard work is easiest acquired in youth.

low many cry out in despair:

beneath the surface of the water.

iolden Argosy.

The Daily News. They represented Mr. Wilde as returning to England a "sadder if not a wiser man," leaving the "Americans a merrier but not less wise Louisa Birdsall has been prowling about off Hatteras again. At last, after long watching and waiting, the insurance underwriters received a cable dispatch people," who "laughed at him and when they were tired of laughing for-got him." "Perhaps," continued the commentator." "Mr. Oscar Wilde may rom Bermuda, by way of Halifax, which have more sympathy with the Atlantic Ocean, as itself a gigantic failure, now announced that the Louisa Birdsall had at last drifted into shallow water and that he is returning home despondent, than he had when he set out full of hope had sunk, leaving her masts sticking out of water. The whole maritime world rejoiced at this intelligence. A and confidence in his mission. He may have a certain indulgence for it as a melancholy and monotonous impostor. The Altantic Ocean, Niagara Falls, the good many captains made it a rule to set fire to every water-logged wreck which they came across, but even then American people—they are all vast de-lusions, each as indifferent as the other he chances are that the hulk will mere ly burn to the water's edge. It is now almost as dangerous as an obstacle to run against as it was before, but as long to the majestic personality of Mr. Oscar

These are all painfully blunt observations and savor strongly of that "dread-ful personality" which so grieved Mr. Wilde in the American press. We are afraid he will be dissatisfied with home when he gets back to it, and will find existence there as "utterly dreary" return prompts the press of the land to call him such unpleasant names as "creature," "weak and soft," a "wom-"creature," "weak and soft," a "wom-an spoiled," and a "melancholy and monotonous imposter." That is not exactly receiving a man with open arms. It comes nearer to the "fervid reception" with a basin of hot water which Artemus Ward's wife once extended to

That's Fair, Isn't It?

him, on his return from a lecturing

nents and triumphs of professional life; and we think "some of that I shall share n." Our young hearts glow with the prospect, and we are impatient for our In riding over to Lost Mountain from school days to end so that we can fling ourselves upon the current of the world's work, and float on and away to Marietta, I came across a young man who was digging post-holes for a barbed wire fence, and when I told wealth and happiness,
Yet how few take into account the what I wanted he replied: "I'll go with you, I was in that boat effort, the struggle, the wearing and caring, worry and work, that must be

myself, and kin point out every posi-When we reached the ground he be-gan telling where this and that regiment was situated, and finally he halted beide a boulder and said:

"Right here, stranger, was where squatted for four long hours. 'I rested my gun right thar' on that ledge, and I reckon I killed exactly twenty-eight

rosperity, are astounded and discour ged by the sterms that beat upon them "O, wind! O wind! why dost thou blow And out to occan roar, When I would steer my little bark Toward some pleasant chore!" Those men upon whom favoring winds always blow are few. Not many are

"Solemn fact, and I know a dozen men who'll swear to it." born with silver spoons in their mouths, as the old saying is. Ninety-nine out of one hundred win success by earnest and "Let's see? This battle was fought in

vere not quite 7 years old on the day of

"That's what I've been figuring on," he continued in a very serious voice, "and I'll tell you what I'm willing to sion. They will tell you of long days, of weeks and years of ceaseless anxiety and labor. They will tell you that even in their palatial stores, filled with the luxuries of the world, nothing but incessant watching and working keeps them afloat. They will tell you that one year of great prosperity is often followed by others in which all their efforts do not bring a penny of profit. And they will point out to you nine out of ten of their follows in business who have failed and fallen by the way.

If in the lower walks of business—in mechanical frades, in salaried positions and in farming—there are fewer risks and less stupendous efforts required than in the grand enterprises, there is none the less need of constant exertion if one is to gain success. Fortune rarely comes to us. She must be pursued without rest and earnestly. Whether the winds blow fair or foul, it matters not to the one who has a correct idea of the work of the world:

"Keep by the wheel, etcer steadily, "Well!" "I'll call it twenty-four instead of

twenty-eight dead Yanks in front of my position! That's fair isn't it?" We are indebted to a "staff correspondent" for the following anecdote

concerning the recent registration of fe-male voters in Boston. Its accuracy is vouched for by an eminent artist—one of the most distinguished stone-cutters of the Hub.

Enter old lady of a certain age. "I wish to register, sir."
"Your name, please?"
"Almira Jane Simpson." "Your age?" "Beg pardon,

"Your age?"
"Do I understand that I must give my "Yes, Miss, the law requires it."
"Worlds, sir, would not tempt me to give it! Not that I care. No; I had as leif wear it on my bonnet, as a hackman does his number; but I'm a twin, and if

my sister has a weakness, it is that she dislikes any reference made to her age; and I could not give my own, because I don't wish to offend her." The following occurred in a Lewell Sabbath school on Sunday: Teacher—
"On what were given the commandments to Moses?" Little Boy—"On two marble-top tables

CAUSE FOR APPREHENSION.

Why Mysterious Physical Transce Special Bread---A Pro-sional Experience.

edge. And what is requisite in master-ing geography and arithmetic is equally needed in making one's way in the

Oscar Wilde's Welcome Home.

with almost brutal directness: "In this

From The St. James' Gazette he re-

ceived even harsher treatment. The editor hoped that Mr. Wilde would profit by the melancholy failure of his visit, for "not to put too fine a point on it, he has been laughed at all through the States," and that on his return he would "fall into the hands of other ladion.

ladies as sensible and as chastening to his ignoble spirit as Madame Nilsson. For from women alone is his hope of salvation. Men, who are often rather

spoiled."
Worst of all were the comment

In entering upon a life occupation it is always well to remember that, although hard work is needed to get ahead, there is "always plenty of room at the top." The great majority of men and women are either content to stay at the bottom, or they will not so train themselves and so strive as to reach the top. Few things give more pain than dread or apprehension. Most people are able to face danger heroically, but the sudden and unexpected coming of some indefinite calamity very naturally strikes terror to even the bravest. For this reason lightning and tornadees are considered terrible; their coming and going are so sudden, unannounced and unknown. For this same reason an unknown. from hard work is not always wealth or fame. One truly succeeds when he has done his very best, if he enjoys the esteem of his fellow men and has a conscience clear before God. Work for these ends by all means, whatever happens amid the changing fortunes of life. nown. For this same reason an unshow the least signs in their beginnings, while they have the worst possible symptoms. We know of many persons who have dull and uncertain pains in various portions of the body; who are The news that Mr. Wilde had sailed for home did not excite tumultous re-joicing in England. When the inform-ation was seat by cable that he had left America in sadness because of the fail-ure of his mission here, the London ly well the next; who have an enormous appetite at times and a loathing of food soon thereafter. Such persons are real-ly in a dangerous condition even though newspapers with one accord referred to him and his visit to us in terms which they may not realize it. The following statement of a most prominent physi-cian, who has had unusual opportunities for investigation is of so striking and bordered on the contemptuous. The Pall Mall Gazette said that "although his mission is an admitted failure he has been allowed to leave the United States important a nature that it will b

in peace." Then, quoting Madame Nilsson's remark that lu England Mr. Wilde did not appear clad as he did in America, because "that would not be tolerated there," The Pall Mall added with almost beauty like the party of the control with interest by all; ASSOCIATED CHARITIES OF CINCINNATI. BUARD OF DIRECTORS Joseph Aub, M. D.
Julius Balke, Jr.
Mrs. George Hunert.
Frd'k Luckenhelmer,
J. B.
Wilson.

J. Wilson.

the songstress does wrong to the measurcless toleration of contempt which prevails in this country. Except the little street boys no one would take any O. Anderson, M. D., Superinternet, Cinginnati, O., Dec. 2, 1882. notice of the way in which Mr. Wilde was clad, so long as he condescended to be clad at all."

MESSRS. EDITORS: I have, during my professional career of many years' practice, treated a large number of various disorders, of which, number of various disorders, of which, perhaps, none have given me more trouble than the mysterious disease known as acute nephritis; and while it may seem strange, it is, nevertheless, true, that the physician is generally greatly annoyed by this mysterious trouble, especially when the case is of hereditary origin. It is doubtless, the first stage of the well-known, but the first stage of the well-known, but terrible Bright's disease, as the kidneys contain large quantities of albumen; and while children and young people are especially liable to i's attacks, it is pre-valent with all classes, and usually conlinues until late in life.

One obstinate case which came under my observation, was that of a fireman of this city who applied to me for treatference that he himself is a woman ment. The case was diagnosed par-enchymatous nephritis. The man was twenty-four years of age; plethoric and light complected. He stated that he had suffered from urinary troubles from childnood, and that he had "doctored" a hun dred times, each time improving some; af-ter which, in a short while, he would reapse into his former state of misery. prescribed the usual therapeutics known to the profession with the same result got better for a while and then worse again; in fact, so had that he had to lay off for some time. He suffered intense pain; so much so that I confess I had to resort to hypodermic injections of morphia. My druggist who knew how disgusted I was with the case, although not willing to desert the man, advised ms to try a remedy from which he (the

my fireman had taken one bottle he as it was here. A prophet and an apostle cannot be said to be greatly honored in his own country when the news of his its use for a period of two months, with the most gratifying results; with the most gratifying results; it really worked wonders and he owes his cure and present per-fect health solely to the remarkable power of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy which I pro scribed and he used. Since the recovery of the man above

mentioned, I have given considerable thought to the subject of acute neph-ritis, or kidney difficulty, and I find that its manifestations are most remarkthat its manifestations are most remarkable. It often appears without any special symptoms of its own, or possibly as a sequel to some other disease. It may be a sequel to scarlatina, diphtheria, and other illnesses, and even arise from and other illnesses, and even arise from pregnancy. The first symptoms fre-quently show themselves in the form of high, fierce and intense pains in the lumbar region, "the small of the back," troublesome micturitions and frequent troublesome micturitions and frequent changes in the color of the urine which at times diminishes preceptibly. If the urine is entirely suppressed, the case, probably will terminate fatally in a very few days. Dropsy is a consequence of the suppression of urine, and the severeness of it is governed by the proportion of retention. The nervous system becomes prostrated with subsequent convulsions and irregular circulation of the blood, which in my estimation, eventually might cause a diseased heart to give out. As I have remarked, in many kidney disease yes, even in Bright's disease itself—there is no perceptible pain in the back, and these troubles often assert themselves in various symptoms—for instance, in troublein his luxurious carriage, he inclines to think that all must be plain and easy sailing there. How many boys enter the mercantile houses in our cities with such ideas—that all they have to do is to drift along in a sort of vacation frolic, and they will come swimmingly into the snug harbor of wealth.

"And you are about 25 years old?"

"I was 25 this spring."

Then I looked at him a long time, but he never winced. When we are going home, and after a long period of silence, he suddenly remarked:

"Stranger, don't you believe I was thousands of people and the sing harbor of wealth."

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"Stranger, don't you believe I was thousands of people and the some diarrhea, blood poison, impaired eyesight, nausea, loss of appetite, disordered digestion, loss of consciousness, husky voice and many other complaints too numerous to mention. Indeed thousands of people and the silence in the suddenly remarked:

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that I have, since my success with the fireman, repeatedly prescribed Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and if my professional brethren could only be brought so far as to overcome their pre-judice against proprietary medicines they would, undoubtedly, find them-selves recompensed for their supposed sacrifice of liberty, as well as by the great benefits that would accrue to the Most sincerely.
O. ANDERSON, M. D.,

Superintendent. Evolution in Hair Pins.

The hair pin of to-day is no more like its ancestor than is the culightened man of science like the primeval monkey. Hair pins have "evoluted" out of the old-fashioned straight wire into various shapes, sizes and designs. Most of them are enameled. They are of varying length from the gossamer forks them are enameled. They are of varying length, from the gossamer forks with corrugated limbs used to hold in place puffs and curls to the long pins required to keep on the big hats whose broad brims present great temptations to the wind. They are made by machinery, and are so cheap that the poorest women may enjoy the greatest variety. What becomes of the hair pins? ety. What becomes of the hair pins? They drop on the floors; they get swept up and lost; they become bent and useless, they disappear and are replaced, and great factories are employed in making them. In a recent divorce case in New York the wife put in her complaint an allegation that she found a strange bair pin on her husband's pilow

"When two gontlemen call on the same lady the same eyening, one arriving earlier than the other, whose place is it to leave first?" asks a correspondent. The enquirer should have figured this out while going home, instead of trying to console himself with the reflection that the other fellow would probably miss the last car.

The most triffling actions that effect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but, if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his memory the next day.—Franklin.

Manufacturers of lucifers are not pug illists, although they are often engaged in boxing matches.—Boston Commer-olal Bulletin.

At a Bad Time.

Commander J. B. Coghlan, U. S. N. writes to us from the Navy Yard at Mare Island, Cal.—An enforced residence of Island, Cal.—An enforced residence of two years in California made me the subject of most painful attacks of rheumatism. Consultation upon my case by eminent Naval and other surgeons failed to afford me the slightest relief. Dr. Hoyle recommended to me St. Jacobs Oil, the happy result of the use of which was my complete and wonderful cure.—Washington (D. C.) Army & Navy Register.

Why is a dirty man like flannel? Because he shrinks from washing.

It is a dangerous thing to neglect a cough or cold or any difficulty of the throat or lungs. Lose not a moment in getting a bottle of Johnson's Anodync Liniment. You can rely upon it to cure you. It is also a sure preventive of diphtheria. The foundation of domestic happiness saith in the virtue of woman.

We advise every farmer or

raiser to invest in Sheridan s. Condition Powders and feed them out to their herds this winter. Depend upon their herds this winter. Don't buy it it will pay big interest. Don't buy the large packs as some of them are worthless. Nature supplies the raw material, education is the manufacturer.

Arrears of Pay and Bounty.

Te Union soldiers reported on rolls as deserters. Act of August 7th, 1882. Increase of Pension. Thousands entitled under new laws which are more liberal. Send stamps for blanks to Stoddart & Co., 413 G street, Washington, D. C. Pension and Bounty Claims a specialty.

25c buys a pair of Lyon's Patent Heel Stiff eners, makes a boot or shoe last twice as long Every oue is eagle-eyed to see another's

Virtue Acknowledged.

Mrs. Ira Mulholland, Albany, N. Y., writes For several years I have suffered from off recurring bilious headaches, constitution, dys-pepsia, and complaints peculiar to my sex. Since using your Burdock Blood Bitters I am entirely relieved." Price \$1.00. What is that we often return but yet never orrow? Thanks.

Facts Speak for Themselves. C. R. Hall, Grayville, III., writes: "I never sold any medicine in my life that gave such inversal satisfaction as Thomas' ECLECTRI OIL. In my own case it cured a badly ulcerate throat, and in threatened croup in my children it never failed to relieve."

How long did Cain hate his brother? As long he was Abel. Sins of the Fathers Visited on the Chi

Physicians say that scrofnious taint cannot be eradicated; we deny it "in-toto." If you go through a thorough course of BUNDOCK BLOOD BITTERS, your blood will get as pure as you can wish. Price \$1.00. YOUNG MEN II you wan to tomen temperaphy is defined at good wages, address VALENTINE EROS. The trees that are not most in the sun

Carboline, a natural hair restorer and dress ing, as now improved and perfected, is pronounced by competent authority to be the best article ever invented to restore the vitality of youth to diseased and faded hair. Try it. Sold by all druggists.

The word "impossible" is the mother-tongue of little souls. We want you all to send for our new entalogue and apecial offer on all styles of India Ink, Water Corons, and Oil Portraits. We quarantes eathsfaction in all cases. Beliable men or women who will act as our agent we offer greater indocements that any home in the world. STASBARD COPYING CO., 49 and 51 Genesce str. et Auburn, N. Y. ARTHUR JAEGER, Manager.

resort to hypodermic injections of morphia. My druggist who knew how disgusted I was with the case, although not willing to desert the man, advised me to try a remedy from which he (the druggist) himself, had derived great benefit. As a drowning man catches at a straw, I prescribed this remedy, not letting my patient, however, know what I was giving him; and although not a believer in nor a patron of "patent" of the souls.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sal low color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizzhes, and truggist) himself, had derived great benefit. As a drowning man catches at a straw, I prescribed this remedy, not letting my patient, however, know what I was giving him; and although not a believer in nor a patron of "patent".

Man cannot live exclusively by intelligence nd self-love. Bad temper often proceeds from those pain-ul disorders to which women are subject. In temple complaints Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favor-te Prescription" is a certain cure. By all ruggists.

The man who never excites envy never ex Young or middle-aged men suffering from pervous debility, lose of memory, premature id age, as the result of bad habits, should send three stamps for Part VII of Dime Series Pamphlets. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

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BUFFALO, N. Y., U. S. J MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD

Nothing great was ever achieved with-We should look at the lives of all as at a mirror, and take from others an ex-Imitation causes us to leave natural rays to enter into artificial ones; it herefore makes slaves.—Dr. Vinet. Flattery is often a traffic of mutual neanness, where, although both parties atend deception, neither are deceived.

5

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part the kindness should begin on ours.—Tillot-

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

Pope.

Feelings come and go like troops following the victory of the present; but principles, like troops of the line, are undisturbed and stand fast.—Richter.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be; For loan oft loses both itself and friend

Though a soldier, in time of peace, i

like a chimney in summer, yet what wise man would pluck down his chim-ney because his almanac tells him 'tis the middle of June;—Tom Brown.

After all, territory is but the body o

a nation. The people who inhabit its hills and valleys are its soul, its spirit,

its life. In them dwell its hope of im-mortality. Among them, if anywhere, are to be found its chief elements of

Life, believe, is not a dream
So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day,
—Charlotte Bronte

O, blessed health! thou art above all

gold and treasures; tis thou who en-larges the soul, and openest all its pow-ers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue. He that has thee, has little

more to wish for! and he that is so

wretched as to want thee, wants every-

Man's character is an element of his

vealth, and you cannot make him rich

in what he has, except as you teach him

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Diphtheria, Barns, Frost

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destruction.—Garfield.

thing with thee. Sterne.

to be rich in what he is.

with it. Mazzini.

And borrowing dulls the edge of hu

mple for ourselves .- Terence.

-Colton.

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